



THE
ANARCHISTS'S
GIRLFRIEND
SUSAN I. WEINSTEIN

The Anarchist's Girlfriend by Susan I. Weinstein

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Somewhere along the Bowery, in a basement, a red-haired Irishman wears his eternal black suit.

THE ANARCHIST

The Irishman works without a green card in a health food restaurant. He likes beansprouts, nuts, and most goat cheeses. He also silkscreens posters in his basement at night. His long, white fingers are smudged with raw, red ink. The poster glows, DO YOU WANT TO KILL YOUR BOSS? It's very prettily designed, it's graphically appealing. It ends with a handshake.

The Anarchist examines the new poster, frowning at the quality. His silkscreen is fraying. He thinks of a specialist who prints offset, realizing there's a certain quality of poster you need in New York to be noticed. The specialist, who amuses the Anarchist, is fascinated by the "Spy vs. Spy" comic of the raincoated anarchist. His favorite episode is when the spy attempts to throw a sticky bomb with adhesive, ending up a very charred cartoon man. Once he embarrassed himself, expecting the Anarchist to agree to the cartoon's subversive nature. "I mean, it's anarchistic, even if the magazine still makes money on it."

The redhead laughed, "Anachronistic, you mean."

Chapter 10 -- Food For Vendettas

"Jesus has given me sa-tiss-fac-tion, yes he has, I'm telling you peo-ple...." In front of Federal Hall on

Summer 1984 debut issue excerpted "The Anarchist's Girlfriend" (Pages 45-49).

INTRODUCTION

Somewhere along the Bowery, in a basement, a red-haired Irishman wears his eternal black suit. Somewhere in Chelsea, a Russian defector has a twin brother. Somewhere in midtown Manhattan, a switchboard operator is going on her night shift. She carries a little video camera. She doesn't know what it is filming. She assumes it will collage to a logical sequence of related images that will have meaning by juxtaposition. She doesn't know if this is so but it doesn't matter; not to this girl who lived for American rock 'n' roll blaring incongruously over a Greek coastal town. She doesn't matter to anyone in that isolated fishing village she left at seventeen.

THE ANARCHIST

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THE ANARCHIST'S GIRLFRIEND

The Anarchist's Girlfriend is from Brooklyn. She's apolitical. She works as a go-go dancer for sixty dollars a night. She sews unusual ideas of what people could wear, might wear, perhaps will wear in the next century at least. She can combine textures, styles, and periods to come up with any particular feeling in a short while. This is how she "positions" her creations. The Anarchist disapproves. He is very careful how and where he positions his posters.

"One must have the largest audience possible!" he often admonishes her. "Who will buy these?"

She always answers with conviction, "Museums of the Future. Underneath a holographic fashion cube, a small latex placard will say, 'ANONYMOUS DESIGNER, 1980,

DATE APPROXIMATE WITH TEUTONIUM 90.”

The Anarchist’s Girlfriend has short blonde hair cut like Kim Novak and a ski-slope nose under the largest, softest, otherworldly eyes. Though her heart is strong, she has very thin shoulders and delicate, highly-tuned nerves. Luckily, she is blessed with second sight. When the men hoot at her go-go act, she excuses their ignorance. In her mind’s eye, she is wearing a demure black dress.

In accordance with her futuristic visions, she dropped her given name several years ago. She told her friends, “Oh, I don’t have to carry it on, several others are listed the same way.” To tell the truth, she believed there would be no such designations in the future. Presently she preferred the privacy of being known by how people referred to her. Since they often identified her by boyfriends, she became the AG, the Anarchist’s Girlfriend. She doesn’t mind the abbreviation as she treasures her friends who entrust her with all their tragedies.

SANDY

Sandy, the AG’s roommate, works on an answering service under an assumed name. She changes services every week to another area of the city. Fortunately, she is, as yet only a personal nihilist, since her photographic mind retains much information.

Sandy records the auditory impulses of the city and the wires are long. Every tie-in has a magnate’s love affair, a jilted

mistress' confession that ticks off a multinational cover-up to be noted and diagnosed. Yes, Sandy knows her city and its moods. During full moons, the wires go wild with people seeking absurdly definite answers from their shrinks, clients, bosses, lawyers, mothers, brothers, and lovers. Sandy prefers the graveyard shift, when the board lazily lights up in a few spots, like the windows of a high-rise during a holiday.

Sandy takes and collages photographs that hang in galleries. They show anonymous limbs, faceless or masked people in strangely objectified compositions. She pastes when her switchboard is quiet. This evening, her subjects are magazine cut-outs of glinting chrome car bodies and "Town and Country" tweeded flesh. As she applies the glue, she wonders how best to use her video-cam's potential for arranging events. Sandy also wonders if the Anarchist can be manipulated. She knows that she controls the board. She has the right pigeonholes to stick the messages in. She cuts a hole in her collage of men and machines, tempted to go beyond art. It's a perfect square. It makes a great sunroof.

THE LLAMA

The Llama is a bald man with a broad back. His nose is flat, his cheeks are high-planed. His squint is evaluative. There is nothing of weakness in this man. There is something of self-delusion. He thinks his aim is peace through knowledge. It's really power through obligation.

The Llama's "Denotational Church" is based on his empirical concept of the universe. The Llama experienced an

epiphany on the Santa Barbara Freeway during a traffic jam. This former life insurance salesman had more in common with Saul of Tarsus than just being a merchant. Not in the desert but on the highway, his eyes rolled back in his head, his mouth foamed, and he KNEW. Yes, there, in his car, on that freeway, he thinks he received the meaning of life. THE ROAD, he could get off one ramp and onto another, pass the speed limit or respect it. His reflection in the rear view mirror became his only icon.

Saul of Tarsus was an epileptic. The Llama is not. He postulated that all his mental logic was absurd in the overwhelming reality of the traffic jam. He gave no credit to the heat, which had so effectively triggered his vision. Still, he did recall the odd light around the circumference of his eyes before he passed out. Miraculously, when he came to he found himself on the exit ramp. Immediately, he went to Tibet for spiritual credentials and emerged several years

later with certain compatible age-old credos that were nothing new to the Anarchist's Girlfriend.

The Llama's Denotational Church offers a faith of demystification. Events have specific meanings. The truth is always in a homily. The Llama proselytizes in awkward homilies that are not important for inherent wisdom but for implications in context. They provide a through-line to life's incomprehensible mysteries. The future can be faced as objectively as death. Fragmentation is heresy.

Denotational journalists work in a loft in Chelsea rented

for the Llama by a pair of Russian twins. The paper is called "*The Printed World*." The Llama uses it for political influence and as a source of new membership for his church. It preaches his pragmatism. It couches his homilies in the repetitive manner so necessary to reorder the mind's perceptions.

WAYNE

Wayne can stop on a dime. He's got a snub nose and good eyes. He can smell spilled milk from three days ago. He can sight a black cat at night. Still, he uses notes to talk.

Wayne is a deaf-mute, who parks cars in a pigeon-hole lot. He's also a floater on *The Printed World*. Both places are owned by the Denotational Church. Wayne is a devotee because the church eased his spiritual infirmity.

As a child, recovered from rheumatic fever, Wayne taught signing to his classmates as an elite code. He used his natural gift for mimicry as well. A popular boy, he was sought after as a man. He read gestures as speech. People found his attentions flattering, his understanding profound. Women anxiously awaited his notes, careful how they shaped their syllables.

Wayne became a gifted lover, a master of tactile sensations, who would select a scent, a cheek, even the turn of a heel for an individualistic approach to sex. Making love filled him with the soundless echo of a theme. But, he demanded ultimate content in an impossible compression of time. His mind and senses split. He went to too many parties. He read

too much philosophy. Temporary illusion became his only goal.

At the age of twenty, Wayne was a nail-bitten sensualist—an indecisive intellectual obsessed with impossibility. An academic career seemed inane, the job market worse, his tolerance of boredom was very low. The Llama taught him a management system. Now, Wayne's smile rarely reflects that constant anxiety. In addition, the Llama has promised him an editorial column when he's firm in his faith. Wayne is grateful for the Llama's techniques but skeptical about his own potential for enlightenment. Sex, as transcendence, remains his first religion.

It was this reformed Wayne Niebold who took a drink of light coffee. He only drank it at night. It seemed to jangle his nerves. Wayne liked the effect, especially for a task as boring as proofreading his feature, "Helpful Hints for Citizens." Wayne compared the galleys with the corrected copy. The press proofs showed a neat line drawing of a woman in a very geometric kitchen. The pots on the stove had diagonal lines around them. Copy read:

MOTHERS! FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, KEEP
HANDLES INWARD AWAY FROM
CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS!!!

Wayne decided the slant was right. The Llama would like it.

Somewhere along the Bowery the Anarchist's Girlfriend walks herself, her spirit taking her body. She wants to see

the sunrise—the familiar landmarks that make her day. The lunatic placarded Socialist is on his corner at Fourth Street. Hung around his neck are various mottos: THIS IS YOUR WORLD, NOT THEIRS. THE KABBALA IS NOT A POP SONG.

The Socialist is old and doesn't see well. He thinks she's a debater on a soapbox with wheels, giving a Pearl Harbor harangue in Hyde Park. He shouts to get in the last word, "And I reiterate my friends, we are not sufficiently accomplished for apocalypse, we are not worthy!"

The Anarchist's Girlfriend smiles compassionately at such madness. She thinks perhaps he lives in the apocalypse presently. Paranoia? She smiles to herself at the term. It sounds too much like annoyance. Gingerly, she steps over the dubious puddles in her shiny yellow boots.

Chapter 1

SANDY BEFORE THE BOARD

FEEL GOOD! Wasn't that the current mode for urban living? Sandy sat before her switchboard collaging magazine images and thinking about the dangers of neo-narcissism. She was, she knew, beginning to believe that exterior reality conformed to her own visions. She was also aware of a new, maniacal sense of her life's destiny. Sandy distrusted but could not control these inclinations. Her collage, resting on the board, seemed terribly inadequate next to an ordinary plastic folder pocked with cigarette burns.

Through its transparent cover, she read down a familiar list of businesses: a call-girl ring, a doggie diner, an auction house, an information network, an international shipping firm, and eight other places. Each line contained a phone number and an assigned box number for messages. These lines of type made up the waking hours of Sandy's shift.

She put the collage in a drawer, thinking cynically, *Where are you random dialers? It's three AM – time for "Wire Songs."*

Buzz-buzz-beep.

A black hole lit. Sandy plugged, curious. She had never

before heard a beep in the ringing sequence. A breathy male voice asked, “Are you alone? Can I come over?”

The breathiness reached rhythmic hyperventilation:

“PLEASE LEAVE YOUR NAME AND NUMBER FOR me to make DI-RECT CONTACT ... Bweep!”

The tone was bad, nosily reverberating through a bad speaker. Sandy replugged with her best imitation of the tape: “IF YOU WISH to leave a message, SPEAK WHEN YOU hear the beep, you have THREE MINUTES TO complete this call... BWEEP!”

The tape ran over her words: “WE PHRASE MESSAGES TO REFLECT your most INTIMATE SENTIMENTS. If you prefer YOUR OWN WORDS AND DELIVERY, we provide equipment rental and UNLISTED DISTRIBUTION. BROCHURE AND CONFIDENTIAL

consultation available.” The odd syncopation made her cringe.

Sandy completely detached the cord. How loony she had been to answer. Nothing as obnoxious as a random recording. She noted that machine-made solicitations added a beep to the ring. She lit a cigarette, hoping it and the call weren't a trend.

A red warning light took shape. She had forgotten about the new smoke alarm. With her keychain wire-cutter, she snipped the miniscule wires. Thanks to a matchbook electronics course, the operation was tidy.

Sandy wasn't a habitual smoker. Tonight was a night of bad habits surfacing, like her past. Unwelcome, a reminder had slipped under the door of the loft. The print was small, except for the return address: U.S. DEPARTMENT OF IMMIGRATION. The message was sinister: DEPORTATION. She had one week before the top deck of a cattle boat or a plush seat in a DC-10 with an officer padlocked at her side.

"Alexis Stanifraz," her real name, stared at her from the card, unfamiliar. Who would know it? Her friends only knew a few aliases. Sandy lifted a glass of water and slid the card underneath it. Rings of moisture on the board sometimes caused shocks. She realized that her dad had betrayed her. But that was not the issue. It was a matter of choices. Marry an American in a week? Go further underground? Sandy's mind blocked out the horror of deportation with an unprecedented result. She fell asleep at her board, sliding into a reoccurring dream.

She was a Cro-Magnon creature painting a mural on a cave wall. She used a porcupine quill brush and berry dyes. The brush was too thick to delineate gazelles. She loosened the gut, selecting one quill. Dipping repeatedly, she painted delicate legs and hooves. The scene took shape. A herd of gazelles were chased by a herd of buffalo. The buffalo were chased by a herd of hunters with flat spear points.

A yell! A rough group of Cro-Magnon hunters entered, sloughing a carcass on the packed dirt floor. One tore a limb, denuding the raw meat from the bone. It was a gazelle limb. Later, she knew the men would hollow the fine bone to make

resonant flutes inhabited by the gazelle's spirit. Horrified, she threw the ravaged carcass into a pot of boiling water. The men had no sense of decency or of the purifying uses of fire. While they slept, she sealed up the cave. Outside the plain was burnt, the sun barbaric. Spear high, she pursued the massive buffalo, her blood richly primal with the challenge, her heart haunted by the dead gazelle. Sex role envy? Avenging maternal instinct? Neither. Sandy's parental halves warred in her psyche. The protector of the gazelle and the buffalo hunter were the same pagan God, the missing link of sexual androgyny.

Sandy woke ashamed of the raw primitive drama. It reeked of patricide and she had always loved her father, a G.I. deserter with a talent for impersonation and fishery. No one in that Greek village knew he came from Slovak stock out of the Minnesota heartland. No one that is but Sandy's mom, an Englishwoman who met her dad in the Athenian cafe where he first joked, "To hell with the war, I'll fish the Aegean."

Her mom thought it was a joke until their two-week honeymoon stretched two years past Sandy's birth. Her ticket to the States turned out to be a Greek enthusiast infatuated with living mythology. She found solace with a minor ship-ping magnate.

Sandy had been a motherless brash sixteen, rebellious enough to find him out. While shaving, in a clear American accent, he sang "Sweet Georgia Brown." Sandy caught him with other tunes. Her deafening rock 'n' roll became more than the usual teenager's taunt of hypocrisy. Fearful of

exposure, her dad ranted against her and the country that produced such aural abomination, irretrievably linking both. Sandy exaggerated her alien half with short skirts, snapping fingers, and lipstick pre-smear to infer usage.

But Sandy also had a secret, the pain of deep buckling cramps not unusual in adolescent girls. Her dad took her painful grimaces for arrogance, her speechlessness for censure. She took the ferry to Athens where a friend's doctor gave her some tiny pink pills. They came on a round card designating the days of the month. Her religious training declared *Partum Novum* contraceptives a sin, though Sandy believed they would regulate her periods.

Her dad discovered them during a fight. A slap, a slammed gate. He condemned her as a whore, never to come back. Sandy had been a virgin. She would be formed in exile.

Australia, Japan, the United States; she was lonely but it didn't pertain. She adopted a maverick's philosophy, a gritty teenage existentialism. "Object is Essence," became her rallying cry. She misconstrued a French philosopher, dosed it with German nihilism and passed across to post-'Nam New York, where she found herself at home in exile.

She had, she thought in retrospect, no more ill feelings toward her dad. There was something wild and testy about his adventurous self-exile, the same stubborn spirit she saw in herself. The problem was not with him, but the institutions he had fled. Nostalgically, she remembered him pretending to be sullen at getting up so early—secretly happy

as he pulled in the gleaming nets. So what if he had blown the whistle? Maybe he just wanted to see her. Maybe he was growing old alone.

A brightening red light interrupted her reflections. It was Mr. Dio's client line. Sandy plugged immediately since he was her favorite.

"De Long Shipping."

"Hi, Sugar."

"Hi, Mr. Dio. How's your boardroom?"

"Good-looking, not bad, trading ups and downs, the deficit end of the cycle."

"Same here. How's the World Gazette, selling anything new?"

"We're stocking Arizona dust."

"A new Dust Bowl?"

"It's not funny. Good consistency. They use it for missiles. Seems the cleaning apparatus needs practice."

"Explain."

"I don't think listening to my problems is in your job description."

"So, I always do."

"Sandy, absolution is a scarce commodity."

"Go on!"

“Dust is used to test the circuitry in missiles. If a microdot is present in any electrical component, it could misfire to the wrong continent. But, it could never happen.”

“You don’t sound convinced.”

“I’ve seen those designs in the drawing stages. Five by eights reduced and imprinted on film. The lines of the circuitry are transferred to plastic discs. The discs are scrutinized by lasers. The final product is inspected for dust particles by a negative ion light, and if defective, automatically discarded. So it’ll never happen.”

“Sure?”

“The problem is the cleaning apparatus and the apparatus used to inspect the cleaning apparatus are made up of the same sensitive circuitry. Now, if a particle makes the original apparatus defective, the rest of the process is ineffectual. It becomes a matter of form.”

“What bar are you at Mr. Dio?”

“I’m home, actually. My warehouse is filled with Arizona dust.”

“Why?”

“Sabotage.”

Sandy lit another cigarette. “By whom, and for what?”

“We ship to all competitive global powers, depending on the guidelines set by multinationals for missile control. A Yugoslavian intermediary has ordered huge shipments of

dust.”

“What are you doing with it?”

“My peace plan. I’ve built a huge sandbox. I’m sitting in the middle of it. They won’t proceed to assemble without my dust. Do you know it’s the best test quality available in the world?” He sneezed loudly. “I’m also allergic to it. Isn’t that ironic?”

“How much time do you have before they locate another source?”

“I have the monopoly. I can claim back orders for about a week if I keep dumping on private properties. Still, it’s only temporary since they’ll settle for an inferior grade once they realize I’m stalling. Dust as a weapon ... maybe I’m overexcited ... I know I’m stewed ...”

“Drunk. Mr. Dio, take a room away from the dust.”

“A gesture, Sandy, an attempt at a noble gesture. I was always the kind who believed in...”

“I know that.”

“I wanted to tell someone unconnected. If you can think of some way for the gesture to have relevance. “Mr. Dio, I have something in mind. I’ll need collaborators. Are you game?”

“Give me a budget estimate.”

“Soon.” She unplugged.

There seemed a mystical synchronicity between the dust

build-up and her deportation. Her personal nihilism was easily elevated to a role larger than herself. The destruction of a city became the illumination of a nation. PHOENIX was her improvised code name for a mandala-shaped operation to be imposed on the city. Spokes, representing main arteries cut off by dump truck loads of dust, would radiate from her headquarters at Ad-A-Line Answering Service.

PHOENIX. Five grand might cover the operation, including dust crew, electronics experts, decoys for police, and media insiders. As the sole broadcaster, she would read a non-propagandistic statement, frightening for its lack of political affiliation. As people panicked, the socioeconomic fabric would be shed. Afterwards, during the rebuilding, a new ethic would be forged for the run-down city.

Abruptly, she was halted in her grandiose madness. An image of the AG had unaccountably come to mind. Wearing a futuristic gardening suit, the AG stood in the middle of the dust debacle waving a trowel. It would be just like her, Sandy thought.

She remembered the first time they had shared a bottle. Tenderly, the AG had turned over Sandy's right hand. Her voice was compassionate. "A Simian Cross. It's found on both hands in ninety percent of all Mongoloids.

On one hand of a normal person, it's the sign of sinners and saints, psychopaths with no conscience and the most dedicated of artists and priests. Those tortured by the pursuit of truth in good and evil."

“What does that mean?”

“Thought and feeling are compressed in one straight line. But an attempt is being made to release the tension. See how on your left hand the line forms an end for a natural heart line? Your inner self is more evolved than your actions may show.”

Sandy recalled the fishing village that worshipped catastrophe as the just act of a violent God. Perhaps she was trying to become that same God? The insight repulsed her. No, she would disappear and start again. There were other towns to get lost in.

A buzz begged to be answered. It was Sandy's least favorite client. She plugged, turned up the tensor and said, “345-4621, can I help you?”

“Babykins,” said a congealed voice, “It's Sid.”

“You want your messages, Mr. Erickson?”

“Don't you want to hear about my week?”

“How was it?”

“The ponies been running good. Blue ribbons out front, daily doubles in the pocket. Sweepstakes tickets to Norway, the whole bonus bit. Honey, you ought to retire to something slow you can take lying down, like my stable. Yours is a high stress occupation. Only corporate execs and waitresses can claim ...”

“I've seen the reports.”

“I’m a nice Joe. My girls get the best pastures, free health care /benefits package and your private life is private! I’m a modern businessman not a shrink.”

“Stop pitching, Sid,” Sandy said with instant regret, realizing a put-down would be encouraging.

“Tell me, are you blonde, brunette, redhead; weighing 105, 110, or 115? 5’ 1”, 3”, 5”, 9”?”

“Bald, 4’ 11”, and 200 lbs.”

“Don’t give me that!”

“I have, as you know, three minutes per call, ten seconds left on this one. You want your messages or not?” Sandy reached into box 621 and pulled out a slip of pink paper.

“9:20 Alma called. She said no straphangers or strap-ons, especially Japanese. There’s an asterisk. She’s surcharging you for the sex toys.”

“No kidding! College girls have high expectations.”

Sandy twisted the ear piece away from her ear.

“Sandy, don’t you want some Big-A action?”

“Is that like reaction, what you want? Naughtiness is boring.”

“You can’t treat me like this. I want a fair tumble. Noon when you’re off or I get you axed. Are we communicating?”

“Promises promises. Sid, you’re in the dark ages. I can charge you for sexual harassment.”

“I’ll tell your boss you propositioned me.”

Sandy disconnected. It paid to keep her responses consistent.

BUZZ-BUZZ-BEEP...BUZZ-BUZZ-BEEP. Sandy plugged, though she knew it was the random recording. She was too edgy to let it ring.

“WE PHRASE MESSAGES TO REFLECT YOUR MOST INTIMATE SENTIMENTS.”

Sid came over the breathy voice.

“What do you really want but are too scared to say? Who do you want to say it to? I’ll give you a free message just to ease my curiosity.”

“Sid, that is you?”

“A subsidiary. I’m diversifying.”

“Is that service used by police and public figures?”

“Some of them have even subscribed.”

“I get a commission on Ad-A-Line’s sales. I’ll swap my client list, all the shifts, for yours.”

“Only if you come with it.”

“Nope. A straight deal, no fringe.”

“That’s a hard way to bargain.”

“I’ll send you a confirmation.”

Sandy unplugged, glad to have Sid’s list. The names,

addresses and sexual proclivities would be useful to her decoy squad.

Excitedly, Sandy pulled out the drawer containing her collage. It looked good. She HAD succeeded in transforming abstract pictorial units into a new form. The same could be done 3-D with the whole city! To hell with the AG. What did she know about the normal drives for wealth and power?

Struggling to run-down the AG, Sandy fixed on the glass of water on her switchboard. OBJECT IS ESSENCE, the existential phrase, came to mind. Though seemingly passive, the AG embodied a force and completeness Sandy lacked. She was like an inert drinking glass, yet she had more reality. Emphatically, Sandy drank her water and pushed the open drawer closed.

She turned down the tensor lamp and set up a projector to run the videotapes she shot all over the city. At intervals, she rested on key sites, the spokes of her mandala. These she marked with a red "X."

About the Author



Susan I. Weinstein is a writer, playwright, and painter. Her novel, *The Anarchist's Girlfriend*, was developed in the art bars of late 1970s New York and excerpted in the 1984 debut issue of *The Portable Lower East Side*. That literary magazine is in NYU's collection of the lower east side art and literary movement. Besides the new Pelekinesis edition of *The Anarchist's Girlfriend*, the novel was serialized by maglomaniac.com. *Paradise Gardens*, an Orwellian speculative fiction, and *Tales of the Mer Family Onyx: Mermaid stories on land and under the Sea* will also appear in new editions by Pelekinesis. Susan's short fiction and poetry have appeared in literary magazines, such as *The Metric*. Currently, she is at work on a WWII novel based on blacked out V-mail.

A graduate of Temple University's Tyler School of Art, Susan's art povero piece, "Play Without Words," was presented at Sara Lawrence College. While pursuing commercial illustration, she wrote "Rabies," a new language play produced by A.C.T. in Squaw Valley. "Stakes," a vampire play, led to a scholarship to Iowa City's Playwrights Workshop. Later, she developed "White-Walled Babes" at The Public Theater and Samuel French selected her green card play, "Something About That Face" for a production at the Harold Clurman Theater. In 2014, her adaptation of Hans Christian Anderson's "The Little Mermaid," a Bunraku version, was produced in Williamsberg, NY. New plays included "The Wapshot Whatever" and "The Making of ADD/ADHD."

Susan's oil painting, "Portal" was shown at Gallery Brooklyn in 2014, part of the Curate NYC program. She has received a special Achievement award from the LBI Foundation of Art and, in 2015, exhibited a drawing series of Pier 41, pre and post hurricane Sandy, at the PATH Cafe. An illustration appears in the NYU Press book, *Up Is Up, But So Is Down, New York's Downtown Literary Scene, 1974-1992*.

Susan I. Weinstein is married and lives in NYC. She has made her living publicizing books on arts, social and political issues, among other topics, for a variety of publishers—mainstream, small and university presses. A Plays are Literature Campaign led to the review of the script of "Angels in America: Part 2." Her review blog is www.notanotherbookreview.blogspot.com.

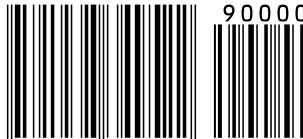


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